

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

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DUTCH GIRLS IN CHURCH.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleetier;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

Selected.

For The Beacon.

An Errand-boy Hero.

BY BERTHA BURNHAM BARTLETT.

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!"

A long, low, sibilant whisper of a whistle, which to any one who had ears that heard would have said that mischief of some sort or other was on foot. But Dick Lummus at that particular moment did not have hearing ears: instead, his servants were of the seeing kind, and just then were busily en-

gaged in following the fortunes of one Allan Quatermain and companions through the apocryphal domains of King Solomon of historic times.

Dick Lummus was a small boy, but he possessed unmistakable courage as this story will go to prove. Regarding his age, I wonder if he himself knew the exact month and year of his birth; but it is quite probable that it occurred about fifteen years before the time when Dick distinguished himself. As for his occupation, when not engaged with heroes of fiction he was general errand-boy at the Young Ladies' Seminary of Bellevue,—an occupation, by the way, which was quite enough for any boy, large or small.

But suddenly on this particular night, as Dick turned a page of the book he was reading, preparatory to beginning the nineteenth chapter, that long-drawn-out whistle came again. This time, his eyes being off duty, a servant ear caught the sound, whereupon Dick recognized its meaning, and scowled as he waited for a repetition.

One minute—two—three—four—five—

He stared angrily at the clock in his little room on the fourth floor of the great dormitory. It was eleven o'clock at night, and he knew what no other person in the building did know,—that the engineer and the watchman were both absent from their posts of duty, not to return until the midnight train. What, then, did the single warning whistle mean which never sounded except when water in the boiler was very low, and which should repeat its warning in five minutes unless the supply of water was at once augmented?

He puzzled over the question scowlingly, then jumped excitedly to his feet. There was only one solution to the problem. He had been so deep in darkest Africa that he had failed to hear the first signal; and yet what was the danger which had threatened Sir Henry and Good and Allan Quatermain to that which was almost upon every person in the great building? For fifteen minutes from the time of the last whistle the explosion of the boiler was due to occur if before that time the white-hot coals had not been removed; and five, yes, seven, of those precious fifteen minutes had already elapsed!

He was only a boy; but, as he tore down the stairs, he thought the thoughts of a man, then rushed headlong into the principal's room, shaking her into wakefulness as he cried with a terrible earnestness:

"Clear the building—within five minutes, Mrs. Grader!"

Then on, down to the engine-room.

Instinctively,—for he had seldom been allowed in that room where "no admittance" meant in particular that boys of an inquiring turn of mind must never be found except on business,—instinctively, it would seem, he grasped the great lever, and by one almost

superhuman effort succeeded in dumping the fire.

But the danger, as Dick Lummus knew, was not over: the heat from the coals was intense and still was sending its destructive energy to the boiler, now, as he well knew, almost dry. With what could he draw the fire? His eyes fell upon the hoe-like implement hanging near the fire-box, and then began his fight for the lives of eighty people.

Pulling open the big underfeed doors he began to rake out the coals upon the concrete floor about him. The heat and flames burned his face and arms; but he never faltered, but steadily, fiercely, drew again and again the coals which were now heaping themselves outside of the concrete circle, setting little fires wherever they came in contact with the wooden portions of the building.

Did ever time speed so quickly, and at the same time drag so slowly, as did the eight minutes which elapsed between the time of Dick's reaching the engine-room and the time-limit of safety for those within the building? Nevertheless, the work—the herculean work—of drawing the fire was done at last within the allotted time, and Dick, unconscious now that his task was done, fell just outside the blazing pile of white-heated coals.

Outside the building scores of night-robed figures, all unmindful of the almost freezing air, were huddled in little groups, wondering what it all meant, only Mrs. Grader having a partial glimmering of the truth. With quick understanding she had grasped the fact that something was wrong in the engine-room and had supposed that Dick had merely been sent upon his errand by the engineer himself.

Quickly she had roused her most efficient teachers, sending them to waken the rest of the inmates, while, just before leaving the building, she had rung in an alarm of fire.

It was a big fireman who found Dick as the doors of the basement were broken in,—the basement from which already tongues of fire were reaching out into the open air. He lifted the boy tenderly in his strong arms, while the night-gowned figures pressed closer and then shrank back, horror-stricken, as they saw the blackened object which none could recognize.

From the size, however, Mrs. Grader knew that it must be Dick Lummus, and cried out that there must be at least one other within the basement walls. At this moment it chanced that the watchman and engineer, returning leisurely from their surreptitious trip to the city, came suddenly among the crowd of people, some of whom immediately recognized them, after which the firemen had no further work to do except to attend to their legitimate vocation of putting out the flames now threatening the whole building.

After all, it did not take so very long to quench the blaze, for the firemen were efficient. Then the chief of the department discovered, in the astonishing emptiness of the great boiler, of which the broken gauge glass gave most convincing proof, the real reason for their having been called to the seminary. This being ascertained, there was no reason that the shivering girls and teachers should be kept longer from their beds; for, with the cooling of the boiler, it would soon be possible for water once more to be placed therein, after which, of course, the fires could again be started.

Yet before this was done the fire marshal,

acting within his undoubted rights, saw fit to place both engineer and watchman under arrest, compelling them to attend to their duties under the watchful eyes of stern and outraged citizens hastily impressed by the chief.

Meanwhile, Dick Lummus moaned and shuddered and counted—counted—counted—counted, while the doctors and nurses deftly and tenderly bandaged the blistered body, and sorrowfully and doubtfully shook their heads.

It was many weeks before Dick came slowly back to life and health; but one bright summer day the doctors pronounced him well enough to sit up and receive visitors, and then Mrs. Grader, accompanied by a number of ladies and gentlemen, came to see him. To be sure, had he not been told, Dick would not have known whether his visitors were men or women, for his eyes were not strong enough to bear the least trace of light, although it was wholly probable that eventually they would recover from the effects of that blistering ordeal so long before. In spite of this handicap of darkness, however, Dick considered himself fortunate in finding that his ears—the ears that heard to such good advantage one never-to-be-forgotten night!—were able to hear as well as ever. He wondered, nevertheless, whether on this occasion he really did hear aright when Mrs. Grader, speaking for the trustees and faculty and the parents of her young ladies, as well as for the girls themselves, thanked him for what he did, and said that because of their gratitude they had placed in Hinsdale bank a sum of money sufficient to give him a thorough education, the whole being held in trust for him, with the pastor of the church as his guardian.

"And that," said Dick Lummus, meditatively, when his visitors had gone after shaking hands—very gently, because the flesh on his hands was still tender—with the boy who by his quick wit and heroism had saved so many lives,—"that will be better than running errands and reading yarns,—only I would like to know what happened to Quatermain and the others in the next chapter!" Then, still more thoughtfully: "But after all I've got the biggest part of my education already, and that is the learning that, when anybody shirks the way Grant and Jones did, somebody else always has to pay. If I hadn't, then Mrs. Grader and the others would have had to. I—I—am glad—I—had the chance!"

An act of yours is not simply the thing you do, but it is also the way you do it.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Ev'ry Day.

Ev'ry day the golden sun
Shines a little longer;
Ev'ry day the baby buds
Grow a little stronger.

Ev'ry day the melting snow
Widens brook and river;
Ev'ry day the sleeping seeds
Feel the new life quiver.

Ev'ry day, yes! ev'ry day,
Though the winter lingers,
He can feel upon his arm
Springtime's dainty fingers.

ANGELINA W. WRAY, in *Primary Education*.

For The Beacon.

A Japanese Tea-party.

BY ALICE GAY JUDD.

The expressman handed in a large box addressed to Aunt Sue. Helen eyed it longingly. She knew the boxes with the funny marks on the covers came from Japan, and they usually had very interesting things in them. Helen had had one all for herself one time.

"Aren't you going to open it, auntie?" she asked, as Aunt Sue started upstairs with it.

"I think I'd better show it to your mamma first," Aunt Sue answered; and Helen walked out to the porch, trying not to feel sorry because Aunt Sue wasn't showing her the lovely things she knew were there.

Presently Aunt Sue came out to Helen with six large sheets of rice-paper in her hand.

"Helen," she said, "I wonder if you would write some invitations for me. I want to have a tea-party for Miss Owana Otsuka; and you write so nicely, I would like to have you write the invitations for me."

"I never heard that funny name before, Aunt Sue; I'm afraid I couldn't spell it," Helen answered gravely. She didn't quite want Aunt Sue to know that her feelings were at all hurt, and she was much more interested in the mysterious Japanese box than in a party for grown-ups.

"Oh, yes, you can," her aunt assured her. "I'll show you how." So Helen got her own pen and ink, while Aunt Sue fixed the chair at the writing table, and Helen began to print the invitations in her very best manner.

But, would you believe it, the very first one was addressed to Miss Helen Ogden, which was Helen herself, and the next one to Marion Blake, who lived next door, and to Milly and Molly, the twins, and to Grace Brown and Eleanor Harte, Helen's very dearest friends. Helen was getting so excited she could hardly sit still. When each invitation was printed, Aunt Sue took a brush and dipped it in the ink, and made funny looking figures in a column on the right side of the sheet. That was the invitation in Japanese, she explained, and then, instead of putting the invitations in envelopes, she folded them and sealed them with tiny Japanese dolls. Helen couldn't stand it any longer. "O auntie," she cried, "couldn't you possibly tell me what it's all about?"

"Why, it's about a tea-party," Aunt Sue said, pretending to be very much surprised. "And I really think you had better take the invitations now, so that the young ladies won't make any other engagements for the afternoon. And please tell them that I should be happy to have them bring their dolls."

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" Helen sighed with delight; and away she went with the invitations.

That afternoon when the six little girls, in their best frocks, with their most-loved dollies in their arms, arrived at Helen's front door, they were met by mamma, who ushered them very politely into the library. And there they stood and looked and looked. Japanese umbrellas and lanterns hung from the ceiling, strange-looking, flat Japanese dolls adorned the walls, and the dearest tea-table was set with the dearest Japanese dishes. And waiting to receive them was Aunt Sue dressed in a beautiful Japanese

dress, her hair piled high on her head, and stuck full of odd pins and ornaments, while by her side sat a wonderful Japanese doll, dressed in gorgeous brocade and silk.

Aunt Sue bowed very low to them and asked if their "honorable selves" were well, and inquired about their "honorable children," and then she introduced Miss Owana Otsuka.

Helen gave a shout, and danced up and down, crying, "I know now: I know now!"

"Why, Helen," Aunt Sue said, "you must remember that Miss Otsuka is used to very polite society, and I don't want her to be disappointed in the little American girls."

They all laughed at Helen, and then the party began. It was the loveliest party that ever was. They played with Miss Owana and the strange dolls on the walls; and Aunt Sue taught them some games that the little Japanese girls play. She sang them funny little songs in Japanese, and taught them to sit on their heels on cushions.

For refreshments they had the oddest little cakes and candies, and sandwiches and tea. Very weak tea, but it poured beautifully out of the dainty teapot into the egg-shell cups, and each little girl had her turn in pouring. And Miss Owana seemed very much pleased, and not at all lonesome in this strange company, so far from home. And her manners were a pattern for all.

Aunt Sue gave each little girl a Japanese parasol when she went home, and they all said it was the very nicest tea-party they had ever seen.

"What are you going to do with Miss Owana?" Helen asked, when the guests had gone.

"Well, if I thought she would be contented, I'd leave her here," Aunt Sue answered. "But I wouldn't want her to get lonesome."

"O Aunt Sue," Helen began breathlessly, "if you would just leave her here, I'd never let her get lonesome a minute. She could live with Myra and Kitty, they're the very nicest dollies, with the *beautifullest* manners; and I'd talk to her about you every day—and I'd keep her hair done up always with the dear little pins in it—and"

"Well," Aunt Sue said, laughing, "I'm sure I couldn't leave her in better company, so I think I'll let her stay."

The Four Rabbits.

One morning, very early, four rabbits with long, soft ears and bright pink eyes started off to find a home.

"We must have grass," said the first rabbit.

"We must have plenty of carrots," said the second rabbit.

"We must try and find a kind little girl," said the third rabbit.

So off hopped the four, and on down the road they went until they came to a garden gate wide open. Inside the gate there was green grass, and beyond it a patch of carrots. But there came strange sounds from the garden.

"I will dig up the flowers! I won't keep my wagon in the path! I will get my pinafore dirty if I please!"

"Ah!" said the rabbits, "this would not be a good place to live."

So the four rabbits hopped along the road until they came to a second garden gate standing open. The garden was full of fresh green leaves all ready to nibble. There were carrots, too, and young cabbage sprouts, and tufts of parsley; but, alas!



IN WONDERLAND.

"It's my cooky!" a child was saying. "I don't wish to share it with the baby! Give it to me I say!"

"This is not the home for us," said the four rabbits as they hopped away.

Then, after a while, when the sun was dropping down behind the clouds, and it was nearly night, the four rabbits came hopping along to a third garden gate. The gate was wide open, and inside were wonderful things,—clumps of clover and patches of parsnips and beds of nasturtiums and carrots and green grass.

Then there came a voice from the garden: "Mother, dear, I've finished all my sewing, and I watered the flowers, and I picked up all my toys. Was there anything else to do?"

"This is the best garden we have found yet," said the four rabbits, hopping in through the gate. "Here we come, little girl!"

So the four rabbits with long, soft ears and light pink eyes lived with the little girl and played with her, and had all the grass and carrots they could eat.

CAROLYN S. BAILEY, in *the Mayflower*.

The Basket of the Day.

Into the basket of the day
Put each thing good and each thing gay
That thou canst find along thy way.

Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets and worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share
And finding blessings everywhere.

PRISCILLA LEONARD, in *The Outlook*.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee and was telling him of her visit.

"Papa, every night John and George say their prayers and ask God to make them good boys," said she.

"That is nice," said papa.

Then, thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."

For The Beacon.

Rays and Revelation.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Did you ever stop to think, on a bright winter's morning, how perfectly wonderful is a ray of sunshine?

Every morning when you rise, unless you get ahead of the sun, there are the million tiny, flashing, radiant beams waiting for you. Straight from the sun they come, each one a bright messenger of light. Swiftly they come, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second! And, when they reach you and flash upon you and the world about you, they have finished a long journey of 92,000,000 miles.

And what I want to show you in this column of *The Beacon* this week is that these wonderful rays are just like the revelation of truth that come to-day from God to us. Swiftly they come, straight from Him to us. And just as we rejoice to see the sunshine beaming upon the world, so should we be glad in the fact that the sunshine of truth comes to us every morning as well.

You will hear it said, when you have grown a little older, that revelation is something that came to men a very long time ago. Many people think that several thousands of years ago God spoke to men, and told them what they should do and what they should not do, and the record of what God said was written down in a wonderful book called the Bible, and that in that book was all of God's revelation to the people who live to-day.

You see it is just the same as saying that away back in the past the light of God gleamed, and that all the brightness we have to-day is just the reflection of that light. Or it is as though the sunshine beamed down upon the earth long ago, and was locked up in the coal and wood, and that the only way in which we could get any light to-day was to burn torches, and so release some of the sunshine that was locked up then.

But we know perfectly well that we do not have to depend upon the sunshine of a thousand years ago for light for to-day. Even the light of yesterday is not needed. Every day the rays of the sun come straight and swiftly down, to banish the darkness and to make our way plain before us.

So it is with God's rays of revelation. Always they have beamed down upon the earth, like the sunshine. Many thousands of years ago, and every day since then, the light of God has beamed upon every human being. And on this very Sunday they are just as truly beaming upon you, to give you light, comfort, joy, safety.

What would you think of any one who went around at noon with a lighted candle? You would think it very foolish, would you not? You would want to tell him that there was no need of any artificial light when the sun was shining. And yet there are people to-day who are doing just the same thing in regard to the light of God. Instead of walking in the light of his daily revelations, they are using candles to find their way.

Let us be more wise than they. The Bible has much to teach us, but God has revealed his truth through a thousand books and in a million ways. He spoke to people long ago, but not more than he does to you and me to-day. He sent down the rays of truth upon the hillside of Galilee, but in just the same way as they are beaming upon every hillside in our own America in this year of 1911.

Remember, though, that on the brightest day you can walk in the shadow.* If you allow anything to come between you and the sunshine, you will walk in darkness. Even at noon you can go into places where it is as black as night. You must stand in the open if you would rejoice in the light of the sun.

And so it is with the sunshine of the truth of God. If you do not walk in the open, you will walk in the shadow. You can put something between you and the truth, so that life will be very dark and dismal. But, if you walk in the open and let the light of truth in, there will never be a time when you will not be able to rejoice in the brightness of the rays of the revelation of God.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the "Rainbow Book-mark"?

It is a collection of spool-ribbons of various colors, intended to mark the groups of books in the Bible. These book-marks may be obtained from the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10 cents each. The ribbons in this arrangement are nine in number, seven having the seven colors of the rainbow, the other two being white and purple. In the instructions that go with the book-mark it is recommended that the red ribbon follow Deuteronomy; the orange, Esther; the yellow, Solomon's Song; the green, Daniel; the blue, Malachi; the white, John; the indigo, Acts; the violet, Hebrews; the purple, Jude.

While this is the arrangement in use in many evangelical churches, it seems to me that a better way would be to use only the seven prismatic colors, placing red after Deuteronomy, orange after Second Chronicles, yellow after Esther, green after Solomon's Song, blue after Malachi, indigo after Acts, and violet after Jude.

The first purpose of such a book-mark is to add brightness and attractiveness to the book. Bibles are usually printed in small type so as not to be too bulky, and bound in black. The many-colored ribbons brighten the sombre book, and serve to invite to its handling and reading. The second and more important purpose of the book-mark is to make it clear that the Bible is a library of books, and that these books fall naturally into groups. In the second arrangement proposed above, we have the Pentateuch, telling the folk-stories of the Hebrews, and narrating their history up to their occupancy of Palestine; the histories of the conquest of and residence in Canaan up to the captivity; the story of the return; the Sacred Writings; the Prophecies; the account of the life of Jesus and the founding of the Christian Church; the Epistles; the Apocalypse. Even so simple a matter as thus marking off the books may encourage study of the Bible by those who hesitate to undertake it as a whole. Much of the lamented ignorance of this best of books would give place to knowledge if we were wiser in planning for its easy reading and comprehension.

I've brought some snow-drops, only just a few,

But quite enough to prove the world awake,
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew,
And for the pale sun's sake.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

RECREATION CORNER.

JANUARY 29, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I was doing one of the enigmas in the Recreation Corner, and I thought I would make one up and send it to you. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much indeed, and like most the beautiful pictures on the first page. Wishing you good luck, and hoping you will continue for many years to come,

I remain,

A little reader,

DOROTHY CERF.

52 Lloyd Road,
Montclair, N.J.

A BIRD CONTEST.

1. Used in decorating.
2. A boy's name.
3. A quaint, old-fashioned girl's name.
4. Never seen in summer.
5. Material for summer clothes.
6. A jolly outdoor time.

ELIZABETH ALDEN.

ENIGMA XXV.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 2, 9, 6, 7, is an article with which to press clothes.

My 8, 5, 9, is atmosphere.

My 6, 7, is a preposition.

My 3, 8, 4, is a pet animal.

My 9, 6, 10, is a name of a boy.

My 1, 8, 5, 9, 10, is a place where milk and cream are kept.

My 3, 8, 7, 1, 10, has a sweet taste.

My whole is a reference book.

GERTRUDE H. GATES.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 5, 8, 13, 14, 2, is a part of the body.

My 4, 11, 6, is something boys like.

My 1, 2, 16, is a boy's name.

My 9, 15, 3, is a part of a fish.

My 7, 12, is a preposition.

My 10, 5, 7, 14, is what cars run on.

My whole is the name of a great American.

RUTH WEST.

HALF SQUARE.

1. The God of Love.
2. A single one of a number.
3. A longish piece of metal used for fastening.
4. A pronoun.
5. A consonant.

H. A. J.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XXIII.—Winfield Scott.

ZIGZAG.—Washington's Birthday.

ANAGRAM.—Hans Christian Andersen.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Barbara F. Ballou, Dorchester, Mass.; Eugene F. Olmstead, Benson, Minn.; Elwyn L. Perry, Reading, Mass.; Harold Hunt, Dorchester, Mass.; Dorothy Wilder, Ashby, Mass.; Dorothy Cerf, Montclair, N.J.; Elizabeth Alden, Rockland, Mass.; E. L. Whittier, Lowell, Mass.; Henry Angier Jenks, Canton, Mass.

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